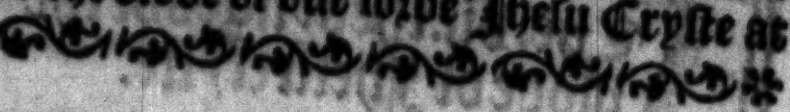


9


The. vii. shedynges of the
blode of Ihesu cryste.

Iesus nazaren⁹ rex iudeor⁹



Here begynneth a contemplacon or medytacyon of
the shedynge of the blode of our lord Ihesu Cryste at
seuen tymes. 

We ought oftentimes to remembre deuoutly
many & greuous paynes that our lord Ihes
su cryst suffred for our redemption that our
loue may be the more seruent to hym. And
we seynge his grete loue and kyndnes may
for his loue pacyently suffice tribulacions & dysleases in
this worlde / lest we for our unkyndenes be cast from
his face in to euerlastynge payne. Amonge his gre
uous paynes he shedde his precyous blode for our loue
vii. tymes the whiche sholde often be consydered of vs.
But whan we shall consyder his paynes or whan we
shall praye / yf we wyll haue comfortable felynge of des
uocyon in our soule. At the begynnynge of our prayer
or contemplacon we must withdraue our mynde and
wyttes fro all outwarde thynges & besynes as moche
as we may. And thynke on that thyng that our cōtem
placon or prayer is of. As yf þu wylte deuoutly remem
bre his circūcysyon / thou mayst thynke as yf thou myght
se afoze the our blessyd lord Ihesus in his chyldhode /
that is to saye a fayre lytell babe a meke & a swete lāme
so clene / so pure / so pleasaunt to beholde & loke on his
blessyd bylage / so amynable his fauourable eyen / so full
of grace his Innocent handes & feet / so prey & louesom
so fayre and whyte very god & man bozne of a virgyne
pure. And than haue pyte & cōpassyon in thy herte that
so fayre & fauourable a babe / so swete and blessyd Inno
cent that neuer dyde amysse / sholde suffice so greuous
payne as he suffred for the / whan his tender flesshe was

cutte with a knyfe made of stone whan he was but. viii.
dayes olde. Take hede how pyteously he wepeth in his
moders armes for anguysshe & payne / and wepe with
hym yf thou can. For þu arte the cause of his wepyng /
for he suffered gyltes suche paynes for the loue of the / &
so whyle the mater is freshe in thy mynde / thou mayst
begyn thy deuocyon. 

The seconde tyme that our lord & sauour cryste
Ihesu shedde his precyous blode for vs / was in
the mounte of Olyuete / where he seynge his tedyous and
horryble paynes of his bytter passyon drawyng nere /
for grete anguysshe & payne swette water & blode. Here
mayst thou thinke as thou sawest hym knelyng on the
grounde holdyng by his holy handes / lyfityng by his
face to heuen with the moost pyteous chere & rusfull coun-
tenaunce that thou canst ymagyne. Thynke as þu sawe
betwixt his eyes swollen & reed for wepyng / & al his face
chaunged with a meruayllous countenaunce of heuyness.
And thynke as thou sawest & herdest hym sobbe wepe &
syge full heuily / & how mournyngly he prayeth to the
fader of heuen / how plentefully he wepeth to þu fader of
heuen / how thynke the teeres ranne downe by his che-
kes / how he wepeth his eyes & face washed with teeres /
how his body is wet of it / as it were all bathed wth swe-
te and blode and water. Thou mayst well thynke he suf-
fered greuous payne inwarde / that swette outwarde on
his body water & blode. And the paynes of his passyon
were greuous / ych the thynkyng therof caused hym to
swete blode & water. For the whiche payne desyre thou
as hertely as thou can to wepe with hym / for thou arte
the cause of his greuous payne. And whyle thou haste

A.ii.

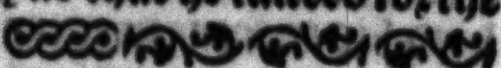
this fleshe in thy mynde saye thy deuocyon.

The thyrde tyme our sauour shedde his pcyous blode for vs / was whā he was bounde to a pyllet & with scarpe scourges was cruelly beten. Here mayst þe thynke as þe sawe him verily afore the naked bounden to a pyllet / & how cruelly & fyerly the cursed tyrantes pyncheth or smyteth hym without mercy with whyppes & rodde / so that no hole skynne is lefte vpon hym. Thynke as þe sawest the stremes of his pcyous blode rennyng downe on euery syde after the greuous and smarte lasses of the whyppes / & that þe seest the bare & naked bones / the fleshe rente fro the bones with many & fell strokes of the knotted scourges dyed with his pcyous blode. Thynke also that thou herest hym grone / quake and tremble for anguysshe and wonderfull payne / how pyteously he casteth his loke towarde heuen / and that with the strokes of the scourges a parte of his blessyd fleshe or a droppe of his pcyous blode falleth or dropseth on thy face or on thy clothes / this payne suffred he for the loue of the / therfore þe ought to haue more pyte on hym. And with as good deuocyon as thou can / lyfte thy herte & mynde to hym / & saye thy prayer.

The fourth tyme our blessyd lord shedde his pcyous blode for our redempcyon / was as he was crowned with a garlond of sharpe thornes. Here mayst thou thynke / as yf thou seest hym syttinge afore the his handes bounde behynde hym / & the boyssous tyrantes settinge a greuous garlond of sharpe thornes on his heed / & pressyng it downe with so grete vyolence / that the sharpe thornes perced in to his brayne. Take hede

and beholde his rufull and heuy countenaunce, how pyteously he shrynketh his necke in to his sholders for the grete anguyfshye of that grete & horryble payne / & how pyteously he groneth for grefe of that horryble payne / how pyteously the stremes of blode renneth aboute his heed & is to torne in euery syde. Beholde his blessyd bysage & somtyme was so pleasauit / so gracyous / so ampassable is now made so reed with blode & all dysfigured wth sorowe & heuynes / his eeres & his nose be stopped with blode. Beholde & se how pacyently he that was god and man & is / suffred to be scornewfully mocked with rybaundes & caytyues: & his blessyd face to be soyled with theyr lothsome spyttynge / and all for the loue of man / therfore man ought to haue therof grete compassyon.

The fyfth tyme our sauour shedde his precyous blode for vs / was whan his clothes were taken fro him after his scourgyng. Here & mayst thynke as & seest hym as afore with a full heuy countenaunce gronyng pyteously with many a depe & profoūde sygh compynge fro his herte rote. And the tyrautes pullynge freschly of his clothes & clyued fast with drye blode to his tene drye body / for in pullynge away his clothes the skynne & the flesshe rent fro his body & clyued so fast to his clothes with drye blode / by the whiche he was all to rent / all to rashed / & all to torne & stremied all with blode / and so he bledde newe agayne. I trowe this payne was more greuous to hym than his scourgyng. Remembre how he shrynketh trembleth & quaketh & stoupeth lowe downe in all his body in pullynge of his clothes for the bytter anguyfshye of that greuous payne. Beholde how rewsfully he is arayed lyke no man but more lyke a thyng

that were newe flayne without any skynne / yf þe canst
not remembre the anguyllhe of this payne / thou mayst
pynche thy fynger oz some other parte of thy body / that
by the felynge of thyn owne lytell payne thou mayst the
better remembre the grete payne that he suffred for the
whiche thou were cause of. 

The fyrth tyme that our lord shedde his precious
blode / was whan his blessyd & Innocent handes
and fete were nayled to the crosse. Here mayst thou thyn
ke as yf thou seest hym / the fyers cruell tyrauntes & tur
mentours of our mercyfull lord hale & pull his blessyd
armes / some the one and some the other / so sore / that it
may seme to the that thou herest his Joyntes to cracke
and the senewes to braste in sondre. Than mayst thou
thynke that þe seest him dyspue that is dyspue of the grete
nayles in to his holy & swete handes & feet / & that thou
beholdest the dyspue of the nayles & seest hym wout any
rute oz pyte smyte in euery nayle with many myghty
strokes / & that þe seest the blode sprynge out at euery stro
ke / than seest our lord chynke and quake for hydeous
payne and smartyge of his tender fleshe newe cutte at
euery stroke. This mayst þe thynke fyrst on þone hande
and after on that other & also on the feet. Than þe mayst
beholde with rute & compassyon how pryceously & how
greuous & hydeous payne they spoyled his clothes / his
fleshe all to rente and to tozne hangeth bledynge on the
crosse / haupnge no thyng as I suppose to susteyne the
weyght of his body ne to resten hym vpon but the harde
nayled fyred within his tendre fleshe / this was to hym
a double payne / the whiche were to hym bothe greuous
& harde to suffre the grete akynge & anguyllhes bothe

in his armes & hādes & feet. Another payne of soze smas
tynge in his handes & feet oppressyd harde wth the nayles
tyxed in the quycke fleshe. Bothe this paynes horryble
were caused by the weyght of his precyous body. Behol
dyng also the ryuers of blode flowynge out of his han
des & feet. Thou mayst thynke also þ his lymes quake &
treble for payne / & that for werynes & anguysshe of his
intollerable payne he somtyme shaketh his heed rudely
and heuely / somtyme casteth it vpon his ryght sholder /
somtyme vpon his lefte sholder / & somtyme lyfteth it vp
full pyteously as a man swounynge & halfe deed / leteth
it fall downe to his breste. Than mayst þ beholde þ dole
full countenaunce of his face / how pale it is. And þ mayst
thynke þ amonge all these paynes & sorowes he lyfteth
vp his eyen & loketh vpon the in token of loue. As who
sayth I loue the so moche þ I wylfully suffre this payne
for the / & am redy to suffre moze yf it be put to me. And
that þ shouldest remembre what he hath done for the.


The. vii. tyme that our mercyfull sauour shedde
his precyous blode for vs / was whan he hanged
on the crosse & was smyten in to the syde wth a spere. Here
mayst thou thynke as yf þ seest the body of our mercyfull
lorde after þ he for our trespasse hath suffred pacyently
many outrages & excrucyng paynes byng deed vpon þ
crosse all pale & wanne o^r lyke to be a beest newly slayne
for he spared not his owne blode / but gaue it wylfully
for our redempcyon. After that þ hast with pyte & some
passyon beholden well how pyteously his visage somtyme
moost beauteous & amiable hāgeth inclined downe
all wanne & pale of colour his precyous body / also þ perce
deth all other in beaute & fayrenes hangeth all to rent &

tozne. Thou mayst beholde how the spere reneth through
his syde w grete vyolence & reneth through his herte. &
thou mayst thynke how þ herde the sowne of the cruell
stroke entrynge in to his syde. & that þ seest blode & was
ter þ was redy to renne hastely out to washe awaye thy
fylth & make the clene. flowed out at the terrible wounde
of his syde. and ranne parte downe on the spere & parte
downe on his syde. O swete Ihesu how pacyently how
mekely suffrest þ so vnkynndly to be entreated. so cruelly
turmented. so rusfully arayed for the loue of man. O ten
der & mercyfull lord that after that þ hast spent thy blo
de of thy body to deth. woldest after thy deth for the loue
of thy seruaut spende all the precyous blode of thy body
& herte. After yf pyte & compassyon wolde suffre þ thou
mayst loke in at þ wounde of his syde & beholde how his
herte that was free & kynde to the is rennen. tozne and
synpten through with the spere. And with deuoute prayer
& compassyon desyre that he suffre thy loue neuer to des
parte fro hym. but that thou mayst be redy for the loue
of hym pacyently to suffre payne and aduersyte of this
wretched world. for he suffred gyleles mekely & pacyent
ly moche payne & anguyllhe for the loue of the. Bycause
the deuoute memozye of the bytter passyon of our sauyr
our expelleth temptacion and excyteth many tymes the
deuocyon of the true louer of our lord. Thou mayste
thynke & ymagyn on that our mercyfull redemer com
playneth & not without a cause. for the grete Iniurye &
vnkynndenes of the Jewes. & sayth to them in this wyse
O ye myn owne. how may ye fynde in your hertes soo
vncurteysly to entreate me. sythen I haue chosen you
before other. & brought you fro straunge nacyns and
put you in my delectable vyneyarde. I haue create and

made you lyke vnto my selfe / & ye haue laboured to des-
troye me / & haue caused me gyltes to be put to shame:
full deth on the crosse lyke a thefe or a mansleer. I chase
and preferred you befoze people of other nacjons / & ye
haue done to me grete vilany & made me obieccyon & de-
ceyson of people. And I by many myracles in correccy-
on of your aduersaries of Egypte losed you from capty-
uite & brought you out of theyr subieccyon. And by fals
accusacyons & excitynge & sterynge of the people ayenst
me / hath caused me without trespasse to be nayled and
fastened to a tree / and gyltes to dye. I mynstred to
you lyght whā it was derke / that ye myght escape saue-
ly the daunger of your aduersaries: & ye came ayenst me
with lyght of lanternes swerdes & staues as I were a
thefe / to take me & put me in many dyuers paynes and
dyspyteous deth. I fedde & nourysed you. xl. yere in
wyldernesse with delycate manna / & for you caused wa-
ter to renne out of the harde stone. And ye caused me to
be fedde with bytter aysel & gall / & caused the blode and
water to renne out of my syde. I gaue to you lawes by
Moyles accordyng to reason / and ye haue caused me
ayenst reason withoute trespasse to be condemned to
cruell deth. I by correccyon of your aduersaries ledde
you in to the londe of promysyon / and put you in to my
swete & delectable vyneyarde / where often I gaue you
the vyctory of your enemyes. And ye not satisfyed with
deceyson & mockyng me with many greuous & cruell
paynes that I haue suffred / to lede me to tozne & all to
rente with strokes to put me vpon the crosse. I haue ex-
alted you aboue all other people / & ye haue mocked me
& caused me to be punysshed with synners & trespassours
What thysge haue I done vnto you / or what unkyndnes

haue ye founde in me that ye entreate me soo bngently
haue not ye founde me mercyfull and gracypous to you
in your nedes. I haue cholen you & ye haue refused me.
I haue brought you forth and nourysshed you as my
chyliden & ye haue despyled me. O how vntyghtwylse
and vnkynde these rewardes be / to rewarde euyl for
good / shame & vylany for worshepp & good and dygnyte
malyce and enemyte for fauour and frendshyp / trouble
and vexacyon for peas and tranquyllyte / greuous and
bytter payne with aduersyte for pleasure & prosperyte /
cruell and shamefull deth for prosperous lyfe.


After thou hast with deuocyon beholde our bless
yd saupour & consydered well his cruell outras
gypous payne / turne the than towarde his sorowfull mo
der / and beholde well her heuy chere & sorowfull couns
tenaunce / and se how pyteously the teeres renne out of
her gracypous eyen and dystayne her beauteous vylage
how dolefully she sobbed / how pyteously she wyngeth
her hondes with many a sorowfull syghynge compynge
from her herte replete with sorowe and heynnes / how
she falleth often in swounynge her tender herte lyke to
be braste for pyte & compassyon of her chylde that was
and is very god & man / how she somtyme amonge her
swounynge and greuous paynes with cositenaunce dys
consolate / casteth bp her eyen for pyte and loue vpon
her swete sone and blessyd chylde / and anone for pyte &
moderly compassyon she felle downe in swounynge in
more greuous payne and sorowe than she was before.
O good lady moder of pyte noo meruayle thoughe þ
were heuy and sorowfull to se thy blessyd and mercyfull
sone suffre gyltes so many greuous paynes.

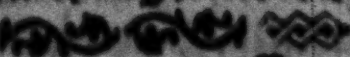
O blessed lady the moder of mercy how full of sorowe
and angurthe was thy herte / to se thy blessed sone his
heed perysshed with sharpe thornes whiche thou were
wonte to lappe full tenderly. 

O louely lady quene of heuen and example of honeste
how heuy was thy chere & countenaunce to se y fauouras
ble face of thy blessed chyld & was & is very god & man
foyled with the spyttynge of rybawdes and captyues.

O swete lady the floure of chastyte / how depe & how
sorowfull were thy syghynges to se offred bytter aysell
and galle to thy chyld to drynke / to whome thou were
wonte to gyue swete birgyns mylke of thy blessed brest

O gracious lady the perfyte myrrour of vertue and
goodnes / how full of sorowe were thy sobbynge to be
holde the Innocent handes and feet of thy blessed chyld
that neuer dyd trespasse nayled harde to a tree / the whi
che thou were wonte to dresse and washe reuerently.

O benygne lady welles of mercy and grace / how co
ppously dyde thyn eyn shedde out flodes of bytter tees
res / whan thou beheldest the blode flowynge out of the
hondes and feet of thy dere sone / the whiche thou were
wonte to lappe and swadell full moderly. 

O glozyous lady the tree of lyfe / how ferefull were
thy smounynges and how pytefully were thy wyngyn
ges of thy blessed handes / whan thou beheldest the blef
syd fruyte of thy body all to tozne and rente / hangynge
deed vpon the crosse that thou haddest brought forth &
nourysshed tenderly vpon thy lappe. 

O mercyfull lady the moder of pyte and compassyon
how greuous was thy pyteous & tender herte wouided w
the swerde of sorowe & compassyon / to se a spere to ryue
his syde / & had chosen to dwell within thy blessed sydes /

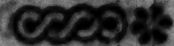
and made his holy tabernacle not ferre from thy herte.
O blessyd lady I knowe well that thou sholdest haue
dyed befoze hym oꝛ with hym yf thou haddest not had
stedfast byleue & hope that he sholde lyue agayne. Here
thou mayst apply thy selfe to sorowe & mourne with thy
carefull & heuy lady / foꝛ it becometh not well that so glo
rious & so vertuous a lady washe her face with teeres
& thou a karytpe & a synner departe a synner with dye
er en syth he suffred these paynes foꝛ loue of the. It is not
accoꝛdyng that so noble & prudent a lady sobbe / syghe
and moune foꝛ thy loꝛdes deth / and thou that arte sub
gette lyke an vnkynde seruaunt / leue hym without pyte
oꝛ compassyon / syth he dyed foꝛ the loue of the.

After this þ mayst ymagyn & thynke that what
tyme the body of our loꝛde & blessyd sauour is
take downe from the crosse / our blessyd lady hasteth her
towarde it with heuy chere / & enbrazeth hym in her ar
mes & gyueth sorowfull kysynges medled with bytter
teeres / & that she beholdynge his body & bloody woundes
wepeth so pyteously / that þ sanguyne teeres medled w
his pcyous blode renne downe on þ deed body in mour
nyng & sorowynge the pyteous deth of her dere sone /
sayth to hym in this wyse. I my dere sone my loꝛde & so
uerayne / my socout & comforte / my Joye & my pleasure
& my felycyte / thy sharpe tourmentes & Innocent deth
perceth my herte w sorowe & heuynes & woundeth it gre
uously. O ye vnkynde & harde herted people / how might
ye foꝛ pyte punyshe hym that neuer offended / how ye
myght fynde in your hertes to bete your souerayne may
stre that taught you the waye of vertue / how coude ye
foꝛ pyte flee your connyng surgeon the whiche heled by

myracles the blynde/deef/and lame/why wolde ye flee
your wyse physycyen that gaue lyl to the deed. O ye vn
kynde scourges nayles spere and thornes/how durste
ye perle the flesshe of your maker & lord. O thou stron
ge & sturdy tree/for vnkynndnes also I may accuse the/
why dydest thou not leue & put awaye thy naturall styf
nes and bowe thy bzaunches to sauour & ease my dere
sone all werped with soze payne and tourmentes.

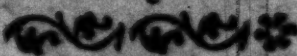
O how fortunate be ye chaste virgyns chyldres and
honest wyues & wydowes also/that haue your chyldren
to comforte you & gladde you in your sorowe & dysleafe.
But alas for sorowe & pite my blessyd sone that was my
Joye & cōforte that neuer dyde offende/lyeth befoze my
face slayne causeles & I haue no moo. O holy aūgell
Gabryell thou saluted me with wordes of grete Joye &
gladnes/but now my Joye & gladnes ben tourned in to
grete sorowe & heuynes. Thou saydest I sholde cōceyue
and byrnge forth the sone of god/& that his kyngdom &
reygne sholde euer endure/but beholde now and se the
blessyd fruyte y I conceyued thzugh thy wordes cruelly
slayne. Thou called me full of grace & sayd /our lord
was with me/ but se now how harde grace I fynde in
the vnkynnde people that hath taken my lord fro me/&
put hym to shamefull deth. Thou callest me also blessyd
in thy salutacyon/but how may I be blessyd syth my de
re sone my lord/my Joye & my blysse is refte fro me w
vnkynnde people & robbed of his lyl. Beholde cosyn El
sabeth how rusfully he is arayed /at whose presence thy
sone John Joyned in thy wombe. O myn owne dere
sone at thy natypte holp aūgelles songe songes of peas
myeth & melody. And now agayne thy deth the vngens
tyll people made a noyse of grete trouble/sorowe & heuy

nes / cryenge with malycyous boyces. Crucyfyte hym /
without ruth or pyte. At thy byrth also kynges of ferre
coftrees assembled togyder & ledde by þ light of a sterre
dyde to the moche worshyp & reuerence / and now thyn
owne neyghbours blynde with hatefull malyce haue ga
dyed them ayenst the with dyscepte and falsenes to con
dempne the to deth. ¶ O ryght wysse Symeon / se how
he is vnrighfully slayne whome thou desyrest soze to
se or thou sholdest dye. Now fele I the soze stroke of the
Sharpe swerde of sorowe & heuines that þ saydest sholde
thryll my herte. Beholde blessyd baptyst how pyteously
that meke downe is put to deth on whome þ sawest the
holy ghost descende whan that þ baptysed hym in flom
Jordan. Beholde how that immaculate lambe lyeth In
nocently slayne that þ saydest / sholde take awaye synne
and wyckednes. ¶ O dere sone / how shall I cease of so
rowe / there is no remedy but onely in the / therfore bless
yd chyldre syth I am thy moder haue pyte & compassyon
on me / & other tourne to lyfe agayne or take my lyfe fro
me for my sorowe swete sone I se none other remedy.
¶ The holy ordre of aungelles I beseeche you to helpe me
that gloryous aungell that is my keper and counseyle
be in my keepynge as thou thynkest moost profytable to
my soule and to present my prayer before the throne of
the gloryous trynyte. And I thanke the blessyd aungell
whiche arte my keper to kepe me þ I may euerlastyng
ly loue the and thanke the in the heuynly Cyte. ¶
¶ The seconde ordre of aungelles I beseeche you that I
may haue by your prayers & helpe reuelacon from the
trynyte of suche thynges as ye wolde I sholde doo his
pleasure / and with assystence of his grace to do them.
¶ The thyrde ordre of pryncypates I beseeche you so to

helpe thy prelates & prynces in gouernynge of the people that they may lyue in rest / & truly serue theyr lord god / & that at the houre of deth ye be present to deliuer our soules from daunger of the deuyll / and bringe vs to the endlesse Joye of the celestyall paradysse. 

The fourth orde of potestates I beseeche you to repress my ghostly enemyes / & that they neuer be able to hurte me bodyly ne ghostly / & to deliuer me fro y^e fals cautels by the whiche they entende the destruccyon of my soule.

The fyfth orde of vertues I beseeche you for to praye that I may haue strength in body & soule to execute the werkes of that vertue & that my memory & reason may be more apte to receyue & vnderstande by your helpe & prayer. Also the gyftes of nature be made more partye to the vse & vertue & to the pleasure of my lord god.

The syxth orde of domynacyon I beseeche you that by youre helpe and prayer that my soule may haue partye domynacyon vpon my body / to rule it accordynge to reason and to the wyll of my lord god / and that I may haue vyctory in temptacyon of myn enemye / and partye pacyence in all trybulacions. 

The. vii. orde of thrones I beseeche you & by your helpe & prayer I may execute the werkes of mercy the whiche pertyneth to the ryght wysnesse of god & of my neryghbour / & at the houre of deth whan I shall receyue Iudgement for the dedes of my lyfe / that by the merytes of you I may fynde my lord god my mercyfull Iuge.

The. viii. orde of cheraphyn I beseeche you praye my lord god & I may haue the gyfte of wysdome to knowe the goodnes of my lord god & kyndnes whiche he hath shewed me. And to knowe tho thynges whiche be to his pleasure and that I may do them / & tho thynges that be

to his dyspleasure that I may haue grace to sele them.
The. ix. ordre of seraphyns I beseeche you to praye for
 me that I may haue the gyfte of feruent loue in my lord
 god / and the swetnes of deuotion in his seruyce with
 holy meditacyon / that my soule be enflambed with loue
 of the glorypous trynyte / and endles Joye of his moost
 blessyd presence. Amen.

There endeth a medytacyon of the. vii. shedynges of
 the blode of our lord Ihesu cryste. Enprynted at Lon-
 don in fletestrete at the sygne of the sonne / by Wynkyn
 de Worde. The yere of our lord god. M. cccc. ix.



Here begynneth a booke of a Ghoostly fader / that
 confelleth his Ghoostly chylde / the whiche speketh
 fyrst of the. vii. Decidly synnes / and after of the cyr-
 cumstaunce that to them belongeth.



THE FIRST PART OF THE
 BOOK OF THE GHOSTLY FATHER